

CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

CUMTUX



Vol. 13, No. 2 – Spring, 1993

Women in Clatsop County

Women marched across the endless prairies, struggled to make a home in the wilderness, operated restaurants and boarding houses, labored in the canneries, worked as midwives and even accompanied the troops to war. Few of their stories have been told. This issue is devoted to these women. (Virginia Macfarlane's article, "To Honor My Father" is our one exception.) In time we hope to print many more stories about women.



Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair

CCHS #5595-001

1840 - 1926

Doctor Bethenia Owens-Adair is probably the most notable woman in the history of Clatsop County. Her story is told in the book, *Dr. Owens-Adair: Some of Her Life Experiences*. As the excerpt (describing her life about 1865) below shows, she met adversity with courage and even joy. She, with her young son, had left an abusive husband. Her work and sacrifice enabled mother and son to attend grade school, then years later, medical school. She is renown as the first woman surgeon in the northwest.

"Here in three rooms [of William H. Gray's hotel on Astor Street in Astoria], I set up housekeeping with barely the necessary furniture and a scanty larder, which was supplied by my savings from blackberry-picking, and other odd jobs of sewing, crocheting, etc. I was ready and eager for school, but my daily expenses (for two, as my child was always with me) must be met, and this is how it was done: I engaged to do the washing for two large families, and the washing for another, for which last I received two dollars weekly, and which I did at my rooms, evenings and Saturdays.

Sunday night found me and little George at Capt. C.'s. At 4 a.m. Monday I was in the kitchen at my task. George went with their children to school at 8:30, and at 10 a.m., my washing done, I followed them.

Monday night and Tuesday morning, this program was repeated at Dr. T.'s.

For all this work, I received five dollars each week. . . I was as happy in my independence, I dare say, as is John D. Rockefeller, with all his 'tainted' wealth, and far more hopeful for the long future yet before me."

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Inc.**

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CUMTUX

CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUARTERLY Vol. 13, No. 2 – Spring, 1993

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COVER:

Sisters Sylvia and Helen Elomaa,
bonds unbroken (about 1918). Courtesy of Helen Angberg.

Astorian Printing Co.

CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:

"To know . . . acknowledge . . . to inform."

Women At Work And Rest



Photo courtesy of Nancy Reith Pyle

Emma Reith tends to her chickens on the Reith farm in the Lewis & Clark Valley. Country women and their sisters in town labored long hours.



Photo courtesy of Nancy Reith Pyle

Mrs. John W. (Emma) Reith on left with unidentified friend about 1925 spending rare moments of leisure in needlework. Even these moments were expected to be productive.

Woman's Suffrage in Clatsop County

When Sophia Munson cast her ballot in an election in Warrenton in November of 1912, she became the first woman to vote in a municipal election in Oregon. This was a moment of victory for women who had been fighting for this right for many years. Another milestone was reached one month later, when, in another election, her daughter, Callie Munson, was elected to the office of Mayor of Warrenton, thus becoming the first chief executive of a town in Oregon. It would be another eight years before these women would also have the right to vote in a national election, a right that they finally received with the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution in August of 1920. Thirty-eight years had elapsed from the time the Equal Rights movement had organized in Clatsop County in 1874 until Sophie Munson cast her ballot. Few of those original members lived to see this happen.

In the Spring of 1874, a friendship between Abigail Scott Duniway, the Suffragist Editor of *The New Northwest*, and Dewitt Clinton Ireland, the Editor of *The Weekly Astoria*, blossomed. His newspaper began bringing the suffrage message to people in Clatsop County by reprinting a stream of articles from Duniway's paper.

The local organization also found a forum in the paper. The first meeting of the Clatsop County Equal Rights Association was held on May 1, 1874 at the courthouse in Astoria with Colonel James Taylor elected chairman, and Mrs. W.W. (Inez Adams) Parker, secretary. The minutes of this remarkable meeting were fortunately preserved in the newspaper. Those attending included some of Astoria's

oldest and most respected residents (David Ingalls was familiarly known as "Uncle" and Truman Powers, as "Father" Powers.) Their chief argument in favor of giving women the right to vote was the belief that women, by being more "morally pure," would reform politics and eliminate the evils of poverty, social injustice, and corruption. Many of these ills were tied to the abuse of alcohol, so it was natural that some of the members of this organization were also members of the International Order of Good Templars, a temperance group. Nationally, there was also a close relationship between woman's suffrage groups and temperance organizations. This alliance proved to be a liability in Clatsop County because the drinking population feared that a vote for Woman's Suffrage was a vote to ban the sale of liquor, and as it was the liquor influence that usually carried the elections, there was little hope for progress in Woman's Suffrage.

EQUAL RIGHTS

Suffragists believed that if women had the right to vote, than they could change the laws that discriminated against them. But it did not happen that way.

From an article written in 1916 and titled "A Tribute to John Minto," in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 17, No. 1, Page 45, William Galloway stated:

"Our constitution, written by our pioneer fathers, is the most enlightened and progressive of any state constitution in the union. Our civil and criminal code, enacted by our early legislatures of which Mr. Minto was often a member and always a valued advisor, has done more to break down sex distinctions under the law than that of any other American state. Those

pioneer legislators who had toiled for six or seven months crossing the plains with their wives and children in their ox teams, had learned the value and superiority of true womanhood, hence under the laws of Oregon there is no sex distinction in the possession of property. A woman in Oregon can hold land in her own name, can sue and be sued, can administer upon the estate of her deceased husband, and is the legal guardian of her own children; she pays taxes and has a voice in saying how those taxes shall be expended. In

Oregon no sex inequality or sex inferiority is recognized by law. . ."

However, as Abigail Scott Duniway wrote in *Souvenir of Western Women* (about 1905), these laws were passed only after much time and effort had been spent. These pioneer fathers did not act until they had been prodded repeatedly.

One by one laws guaranteeing equal rights to women were passed, but not without much opposition. When finally the right to vote was won, other needs were identified and new goals set.

The original minutes

Equal Rights Association

From the *Weekly Astorian*
May 21, 1874

EDITOR ASTORIAN:

On the 1st inst. a meeting of the friends of Woman Suffrage was held at the Courthouse in this place, at which Col. Taylor was elected chairman, and Mrs. W. W. Parker secretary, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, to be submitted on the 8th. The committee at this time reported a constitution and by-laws, which were adopted with slight amendments. The first and second articles are as follows:

Article 1. This Society shall be known as the Clatsop County Equal Rights Association.

Article 2. The object of this Association is to secure to women the same political rights enjoyed by men.

After the adoption of the constitution the organization of the Society was completed by the election of the following named officers: President, Col. James Taylor; Vice President, Miss H. M. Morrison; Secretary, Mrs. A. W. Tenney; Treasurer, T. P. Powers, esq.; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Mary Shane Smith.

Addresses favorable to Woman Suffrage were made by Messrs. T. P. Powers, W. H. Smith, D. Ingalls, Charles Stevens, E. C. Holden, Col. James Taylor, and Mrs. M. S. Smith.

Col. Spedden spoke in opposition to the unqualified Woman Suffrage, because he thought woman too pure and angelic to "rush into the filthy cess pool of politics," feared "they would be contaminated by association with the men they would meet at the polls," etc., but thought it might perhaps be admissible to allow women to vote on certain moral questions, and gradually

the way might be prepared for her safe admission to all the rights of American citizens.

He was answered by Mr. Holden in a brief but stirring and pungent manner. He said the efforts of the ladies in the temperance cause, here and elsewhere, had satisfied him that woman's effective, substantial influence at the ballot-box, is needed, and must be had, if the evils and miseries caused by intemperance are ever to be lessened or abolished. He was in favor of enfranchising woman: because it is their natural, inalienable, right--and because the country requires their assistance to save it from destruction.

Mr. Powers endorsed the movement heartily, though he had not hitherto considered it expedient. He had always believed women had the right to vote, and that they were in every respect as capable as men, but he had not until recently felt it to be expedient. He said he could find nothing in the Bible denying to woman any natural right granted to man, and he felt that woman's influence would be in politics as elsewhere--good and efficient. He wished it with this movement he felt no sympathy with Mrs. Woodhull and her school of fanatical free-lovers.

He was assured by a lady that women suffragists considered themselves no more responsible for Mrs. Woodhull's abominable depravity, than did individual Republicans or Democrats for the wickedness of Boss Tweed and others. She referred to Colonel Spedden's remarks and inquired if the ladies he spoke of as too pure and angelic to mingle with men at the polls, had any fathers, brothers, husbands or sons, and if so, if these men are all models of propriety. If they were not, how did women preserve their superiority of heart and soul when compelled to associate constantly with them. She thought if they endured this strain successfully, they surely would not lose all lovely, womanly attributes

by going quietly to the polls and depositing a ballot.

Col. Taylor expressed his gratification at the progress of the cause he had so long advocated, and insisted that all side issues should be ignored--that woman suffrage should be judged on its own merits, and should not be held responsible for any ultra or peculiar views expressed by any individuals supporting it.

Mr. Ingalls said he had long been in favor of giving women equal rights with men, and was pleased to see the movement now going on to secure them.

Mr. Stevens spoke warmly in favor of the object of the society, and felt that women's influence was imperatively demanded to correct the shameful and debasing condition of politics, and realized that the influence could only be fully exerted through the ballot.

Mr. W. H. Smith said he thought it a shame that women should have to ask for the means of protection, and that it was pusillanimous for any man to think of refusing it, on any ground. He said he did not think a single reason could be given why women should not vote, and every reason in favor of it was unanswerable. He was heart and soul with suffragists and hoped soon to see the cause succeed.

Mrs. Sarah E. Warren and Miss H. M. Morrison were appointed a committee to secure signatures to the Constitution in this vicinity.

The following names were given in during the meeting: Mrs. W. W. Parker, Mary Shane Smith, Sarah E. Warren, Miss H. M. Morrison, Col. James Taylor, W. H. Smith, T. P. Powers, W. W. Parker, Chas. Stevens, E. C. Holden, David Ingalls, Wm. McCrea.

Society adjourned to meet the first Friday in June.

Mrs. W. W. Parker, Secretary

Mary S. Smith, Cor. Secretary ◆

"Oney," A Legend in Her Own Time

by Helen Gaston

I heard about this woman, "Oney," when I first came to Oregon in the late 1950's. She had a restaurant and bar out on the Sunset Highway about half way between Astoria and Portland at a little place called Elsie. I didn't get to meet her until almost two years later when she was introduced to me as the aunt of my husband, Robert Gaston. I heard that she was tough enough to throw the loggers out of her bar when they became unruly. Any of the other loggers would have helped her if she needed it. She was known as a fun-loving, but strict proprietor.

AN IRISH FAMILY

"Oney" Lenora (Kelly) Normand Camberg was born in Astoria, Oregon on July 23, 1908 at the old Saint Mary's Hospital. Her father was William Kelly, who was of Irish and English descent and had come to Astoria about 1883, and her mother was Julia Callahan Kelly, of Irish descent, who came to Clatsop County about 1886. Oney was the youngest of seven children, born almost twenty years after her oldest sister.

She started school in Astoria at the Holy Names Academy, located where the Performing Arts Center is now (in 1993). She went there from first grade through the sixth. She wasn't the brightest student, but not the dumbest either.

MOVE TO NEHALEM VALLEY

In 1919 the family moved out to the Nehalem Valley and she went to the Vine Maple School in the seventh and eighth grades. She had to walk two



Courtesy of Helen Gaston

miles each way. She would walk to the Popes' house, and then walk the rest of the way to the school with Edna Pope and Miss Dooling, the school teacher, who boarded at the Popes'. In the morning they would walk the two miles in twenty minutes, but in the afternoon, they would take their time knowing there would be chores to do when they got home.

She stayed with the Voss family in Astoria so that she could attend a small Catholic school that was held at the house on the southwest corner of 16th and Exchange kitty-corner from the Heritage Center. Then her father decided she liked the boys too much, so he sent her to an all-girls boarding school in downtown Portland, Saint Mary's Academy. There were about

forty-eight girls in her class and about twenty-five were boarding students. She went home to Nehalem once a month. She graduated in 1927, which was the first year that Archbishop Howard presided at the commencement. (Each of the girls got to kiss his ring which they considered a real honor.)

SCHOOL IN PORTLAND

The students all had to go to Mass in the school's private chapel every morning at seven, except Tuesdays. On Sunday, they also had to go to the cathedral, about fifteen blocks away. Sister Ellen, who was the director of the boarding school, believed in walking. So, every day, unless it was pouring down rain, Sister Ellen with her twenty-five students would head out for the West Hills of Portland, walking about five miles. They made quite a show in their uniforms of navy blue with white collar and cuffs as they walked double-file through the city.

On one of their walks, one of the girls decided to buy an ice cream cone. The director would not allow her to buy it and when they got back to the school, all of the girls had to write one hundred times, "I must learn to control my appetite."

At that time, Sisters were not allowed to go out in public unless a lay person was with them, so Oney was asked to go with them when they went on the trolley to the railroad station. It was supposed to be an honor because she was so dependable, but when she had to return through the skid row area all alone, she would sometimes become very frightened. Most of the time, she liked the responsibility and freedom she got as she delivered messages and packages for the Sisters all over downtown Portland.

LIFE ON THE FARM

After her graduation, she came back to the Nehalem Valley and helped on the farm because her father's health was failing. They had a large herd of

milk cows which she helped milk twice a day. They also had about eight sows with about fifty little pigs which were constantly getting out of the pen and into the neighbors' potato patch across the river. Oney helped her father raise their crops and make hay. She worked hard and developed muscles like a boy's.

She also started driving a school bus soon after she got out of high school. Her father had a 1919 Reo in which she would drive seven or eight kids. She would put the big kids on the bottom and the small ones would sit in their laps. If they started to scuffle, she would pull over and ask them if they wanted to walk. None of them ever had to walk, but she threatened them more than once. A boy by the name of Kenny was always causing problems. One day, quite by accident, Oney discovered that he had a very sensitive ear lobe. When he would get in trouble, she would hold his ear lobe and he would say, "I'll be good; I'll be good," and she would have no more problems from him. She always met log trucks on the road, and one day one was so close that it tore the handle off her door. It gave her a real scare, but she never had an accident in sixteen years of driving the school bus.

In July 1933 she married Art Normand at St. Mary's Church in Astoria. Art was a logger but he also had carpenter skills. He built their house at Elsie out of cedar. It is the house with a stove pipe coming out of the window that sits on the south end of Elsie next to the highway.

ONEY'S FIRST BUSINESS

When construction was just starting on the Sunset Highway in 1933, the construction company had their cook house and barracks about five hundred feet north and across the road from the Normands' house. So Oney decided to go into her first business. She had shelves built in her living room and sold candy, cigars, snoose, and

bread. J.L. Moore of Astoria made a delivery about every two weeks, using the old county road which went through Jewell and through the Nehalem Valley up to Elsie and ended about where Camp 18 is today. The Franz Bakery would deliver as far as the Pope's Valley Tavern down on the Nehalem River and Oney would pick up the bread there.

Oney's sister, Margaret, died in 1935, leaving four small children. Her husband had died earlier, and so Oney and her husband took them in and raised them as their own.

In 1936 Lorinne (Hess) Jeldness had a new baby and asked Oney to take over the post office which she ran. Oney had to be approved by the Postmaster from Astoria and so he came out to meet her. The question he asked was, "Are you a democrat?" Her answer was, "Yes." Apparently that was the only requirement and so she was hired. Her salary was based on the number of first class letters that were mailed from her post office. Most months she made thirty to forty dollars, but in December, she would make close to one hundred dollars.

A NEW BUSINESS

Oney's husband, Art, had a heart attack in 1938 and died. With only a small income from the post office, store, and the school bus job, she had to do something else to support the family she had taken on. So, on June 18, 1938, she opened "Oney's" as a beer parlor.

"Bud" Albert (A.B.) Camberg, a logger, married Oney on July 5, 1940 at Our Lady of Victory Church in Seaside. They continued to live at Elsie and she continued to operate Oney's. They had a baby boy who died at birth; then on May 26, 1943, Joseph was born. Oney still worked there and Joe grew up in the restaurant. When it came time for Joe to go to school, he boarded with a family in Astoria and went to Star of the Sea School.

One July 4, 1952 Bud was hit by a car as he walked along the highway out at Elsie. He was severely injured and was never able to work again as a logger. He did learn to do the books for the business and helped in that way, but Oney again had the responsibility of being the family provider.

SCHOOL IN SEASIDE

When it was time for Joe to go to high school, in 1959, Oney decided to transfer him to Seaside so he could play football and be involved with other sports. She bought a house on the Prom in Seaside so he would have a place to take his friends. She was always supportive of his athletic achievements and attended almost every game. She became a second Mom and friend to the whole team.

In 1962, Oney decided to put Joe to work, "so he wouldn't be a bum." She leased a little restaurant on Broadway in Seaside and called it Little Oney's. It was Joe's first business venture.

THE PYPO CLUB

That same year, Joe and several of his friends decided they wanted to open a teen center. So with Oney's help they rented the old American Legion Club which was above the swimming pool at the turnaround and started the Pypo Club. They hired football players and the coach Steve Johnson as security. It was strictly for youth, fourteen to twenty years old. They opened at 8:30 p.m. and closed at 11:00. The parents could come in and watch for a short time, but they couldn't stay. They had just a jukebox for the first three years. They then moved to the Borland Building and had live music: the Kings Men, Paul Revere and the Raiders and many other well-known bands of the time. Oney was always around. The kids liked and respected her though she was a strict disciplinarian. The Pypo Club was a real asset for the community, but Joe grew up, went to

college and took a job with a corporation in the Midwest. That was the end of the Pypo Club era.

Then in 1967 Joe married and returned to Seaside. Oney sold the restaurant to him and found a new career. She went to work at the Tongue Point Job Corps Center as a housemother. Again she was working with youths, which she really enjoyed doing. Some of the kids had real problems, but she always got along well with them. She worked there until 1971 when the whole program changed under new management.

In the late 1960s and 70s she became interested in real estate and even took a class in real estate sales. She never took the exam, but used the

knowledge in many real estate transactions.

Oney and her husband, Bud, had moved into Seaside after their house at Elsie burned on February 12, 1972. They moved into an apartment and in 1973 Bud died. She then moved in with her niece Marge Lindberg, who had also just lost her husband. They still live together today.

Joe had three boys and Oney has followed their sporting activities just as she did Joe's. The youngest grandson is now a senior in high school and another era is closing. But I'm sure Oney will find another interest to keep her perpetually young. ♦

Clatsop County's Vote on Suffrage

The obituary for suffragist Inez Adams Parker who died April 22, 1933 contained excerpts from a letter she wrote a year earlier to Mrs. Ray Logan of Seaside.

"My husband was a strong believer in equal rights. (He never said 'woman's rights'.) . . . When the first measure for woman suffrage was submitted to the voters in Oregon, he was one of the three judges of election (as they were then called) and it took them all night to count the votes. When he came home next morning to his breakfast, he casually remarked to me that there were quite a few votes for woman suffrage and about the same against it, but the majority did not vote on it at all, so I said to the other two judges: 'Those who failed to vote on it surely could not have been against it or they would have said so; suppose then that we count all of them for it?' 'All right,' they said and the result was that Clatsop was the only county that gave a majority for it. I was going to protest when Mr. Parker told me that, but I saw that he had voiced the sentiment of the majority and had no thought of wrong doing; and as I could see no harm to come of it, I said nothing--neither did the other two judges. They thought it all right because they said so and no one ever knew of it save we four. But the funny thing was the way this county plumed itself afterward on being the most advanced and progressive county in the state--on the strength of that vote."

Mary E. (Strong) Kinney

After the death of William S. Kinney in 1898, his widow, Mary E. Kinney, was left with young children to raise and considerable business interests to manage, chief of which was the Clatsop Mill, located where the Astoria Plywood Mill is now. She was known as an astute businesswoman, with skills she later applied to the business of the State, becoming Oregon's first female legislator in 1921 when she was elected to the House of Representatives. She served in the 1923 and 1925 sessions as State Senator. She died in 1938.

Senator Kinney's Achievements (1926)

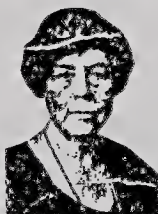
For the past six years (two in the House and four in the Senate) I have served the people of Clatsop County in the legislature, and, as a candidate for re-election to the State Senate, it is with pardonable pride that I submit to them the following brief outline of my record.

In the House in 1921 secured passage of Purse Seine Bill, Roosevelt State Highway Bill, introduced and passed first law permitting women to serve on juries.

In the Senate in 1923 secured passage of Astoria Relief Bill and repeal of the Norblad anti-trolling Bill. In 1925 defeated the Norblad-Warren-Shoemaker Bill to turn over the fishing industry to aliens and packers; introduced and passed first bill

authorizing fishways at all natural obstructions, (including Celilo falls); Leading advocate in the Senate of Reforestation for two sessions, and the only senator who ever passed a Reforestation Bill. In both 1923 and 1925 sessions passed every Clatsop County appropriation Bill that came to the Senate.

I have held the most important committee appointments and have controlled a majority on every measure affecting my constituents. In point of seniority, influence, service and actual accomplishment I sincerely believe this record to be unapproached by that of any state senator who has served this County.



A farm owner, Granger, tax payer and business woman.

FOR STATE SENATOR

(Republican Primary, May 21, 1926)

MRS. W. S. KINNEY

(Present State Senator)

Vote (X 36) and continue in office A SENATOR OF INFLUENCE AND PRESTIGE WITH A RECORD OF REAL ACHIEVEMENT.

(READ RECORD ON OTHER SIDE)

FRANKLIN PRESS, ASTORIA, OREGON

Tales of Truth and Consequence

by Gordon D. Kinney

I. CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK

Growing up without a father in their early years, my father, my three uncles, and an adopted aunt were, without question, a handful to rear for my Grandmother Kinney. Mary E. (Strong) Kinney was the epitome of the strong-willed, resourceful, and independent Oregon pioneer woman. And she could also handle "juvenile delinquents" with firmness and wisdom. Inevitably, she was challenged by her lively brood every waking hour.

Occupied with her late husband's business interests and deeply involved in community affairs, she left the rearing of four lively boys to my Aunt Charlotte. To assist her, Grandmother hired a newly arrived young lady from Norway, a common practice among Astoria families.

But this young woman had a handicap; she knew very little English. In lieu of "night school" (a few existed), the brothers four graciously offered to "teach" her the English language. And what better place than the kitchen.

A month slipped by and the two parties involved in the teaching and learning process felt they were making progress.

One early evening, Grandmother returned from business at the lumber mill, to be greeted by ear-splitting sounds of pots and pans being banged on the stove and against one another. At the same time, the maid told Grandmother, in very broken English and sign language, that the boys had

diligently taught her to identify each type of kitchen cooking equipment with a swear word at the top of her voice. All of this was accompanied by the noise of the containers and utensils being leveled on the cast iron range.

How proud she was and how exasperated my grandmother. Having uncovered the plot, she decided it was time to punish the guilty. After much deliberation, "Judge" Kinney decided that each boy was to be given one month of "KP" duty and the young immigrant sent to evening school.

II. AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE

Mary's four sons were more often in trouble than out. I often heard my father and his uncles describe some of their "playful antics" such as the kitchen pots and pans incident or the time the boys tipped over outhouses in Portland. Usually a prank would be created by one of two of the boys, but all four would carry it out.

Governed by a strict sense of house rules, the boys upon waking up would be required to chop wood, start the fires, etc. All of this had to be checked out by Grandmother Kinney before the boys were allowed to eat breakfast and leave for school.

One early dawn, an adopted daughter, Aunt Charlotte, knocked on each of the boy's bedrooms. With the exception of William, the youngest son, the three remaining boys answered, "morning." Uncle Bill screamed through the door, "I can't open my eyes-

I can't see!" Their sister opened his door and rushed to his bedside. Sensing a serious illness, Charlotte called to my grandmother for help.

As she examined Bill's eyes, Mary Kinney wondered if it could be "pink eye" or a similar eye infection. So she applied hot packs over the eyes and in time Bill found he could mistily look at nearby objects through matted eyes.

By now Grandmother Kinney's suspicious were telling her that this sudden "illness" was not the result of an infection or fever. Now closely leaning over her son, she caught the odor of stale tobacco. Straightening up, she called Robert (my father), Alfred and Kenneth to her side and demanded the truth. In a short time, the guilty boys told their stories.

The night before as William lay fast asleep, the three older brothers mixed a potion of chewing tobacco and water and applied the glue-like mixture to Uncle Bill's eyes. The simple formula worked to perfection.

When the story unfolded, Grandmother Kinney "retired" to meditate on the appropriate punishment to be handed down. Finally, she called the boys to her side and told each guilty party to bite a cut of tobacco from a large plug. Each boy was then to chew his piece and swallow all of it. She made sure that each boy had thoroughly "digested" his tasty morsel.

Perhaps this did not cure these future cigar or cigarette users, but they never chewed tobacco again. ♦



Courtesy of the Astoria Public Library #R-001

Party given by the Thursday Club, at Clara Young Waffle's home, about 1926. These women were among the "social set" in Astoria for several decades. Two were former Regatta Queens: Sue Elmore in 1899 and Louise Tallant in 1900. Dr. Clara Young Waffle practiced medicine in Astoria for many years.

Top row, from left: Olga Heilborn, Sue Elmore Haraden, Clara Tallant, Pearl Holden Callender, Laura Fox, Louise Tallant Carruthers.

Second row: Pearl Cole, Clara Young Waffle, Polly McKean Bell, Leila Badollet.

Third row: Lottie Bennett Bell, Mrs. Will Sherman, Nell Sherman McGowan.

Bottom row: Zetta Sherman Thing, Mrs. Mabel McCloud, Sadie Crang, Gertrude Finch.

The Separation

by Liisa Penner

A LETTER FROM RUSSIA

Daraleen Phillips Wade is a genealogist who volunteers her skills to help the Oregon State Library answer queries they receive. She was asked to try to help answer a letter that had arrived there from Petrozavodsk in the Karelian State of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republic. The letter (with the spelling unchanged), dated January 12, 1993, reads:

Dear Sir,

I wrote to Circuit Court of Oregon, Clatsop County Courthouse to Judge Edison to find out about the fate of my mother's sister. Mother's last wish was to find out what happened to her. T. Edison's court staff made a thorough search of the records (1922), but unfortunately they could find nothing. Edison suggested to write to you maybe you have some records.

I am sending my mother's certificate of Baptism, a photo of the two sisters - my mother Sylvia and her sister Ellen who was 2 - 3 years older.

Before Gratchov adopted her, the two sisters lived in a family named Davis. I'm not sure if she was adopted by someone else.

Gratchov left for Russia in 1922 and took my mother along. Her sister was left there. After that we haven't heard about her.



*Sylvia and Helen Elomaa - about 1921.
Courtesy of Helen Angberg*

Your Archives Division is the only place I turn to for help. Please help me if it is possible.

With respect,
Erna Joshina

Along with the letter was a photograph of two girls in homemade dresses that reached to the tops of their laced boots and bearing large ribbons on the tops of their heads. The older child stood with her arm around her

sister's back. The inscription below reads, "My sister, Ellen." The younger sister was seated with her hands clasped together; the inscription reads, "Sylvia Davis." A matching photo is on the preceding page.

A baptismal certificate accompanied the letter and photo. "Sylvia Marie born at Astoria, Oregon on the 19th day October 1913, Daughter of Mr. Frank Elomaa and Hilda Elomaa his Wife." Among the witnesses were Nestor Renvall and Maria Renvall. In the handwriting of someone elderly or infirm was added, "Apostolic Luther of Astoria, Oregon."

Daraleen Wade was determined to find the missing Helen (mistakenly written Ellen on the letter above). To begin the search, she used one of the favorite tools of the genealogist, the United States federal census. She realized that since Sylvia was born in Astoria in 1913 and was still here in 1922, she should be able to find the girls on the 1920 census which had only months before been opened to the public. She succeeded in finding the Elomaa girls listed on the census, but was unable to read the names of the others in the household where she was living, so she used the Soundex, an index to the census, and found that the girls were living with Nestor Renvall, one of the witnesses at Sylvia's baptism. Living with them also was Amanda Raihala, mother-in-law of Nestor. Daraleen searched through the Oregon State death records, finding ones for Frank Elomaa, Hilda Davis, and Amanda Raihala. She then contacted me to ask if I could find anyone who would know what had happened to Helen, who the letter writer's mother, Sylvia, had last seen over seventy years before. By a strange coincidence, the Astoria Public



Library had received queries from two people asking help in learning about their ancestors, Matt Hummasti and Matt Raihala. The queries had been forwarded on to me, so the history of these families was familiar. When I phoned Wilma Raihala Aarnio to ask her if she had ever heard of two Elomaa sisters who had been separated in 1922, with one sister going to Russia, she replied, "Yes." Minutes later, I spoke to the missing Helen, now Mrs. John Angberg, who was excited to hear the news. "I've been searching for my sister for seventy-one years," she said.

HELEN'S STORY OF THE SEPARATION

This is the story that Helen Angberg told, supplemented by information from Paul George Hummasti's book, *Radicals in Astoria*, his manuscript titled, *A History of the Tovari (Comrade)* and a newspaper article on the first page of the *Morning Astorian* of June 3, 1922, all located at the Astoria Public Library.

The train awaiting passengers at the station in Astoria, one day in early June of 1922, had two day coaches and one sleeper car attached to it for the use of a party of Finns, numbering about fifty whose destination was a fishing village in Karelia in the northwestern corner of the Soviet Union. There they hoped to create a self-sufficient community of fishermen and cannerymen by putting into practice the socialistic theories they had developed in Astoria. After two seasons of poor fishing on the Columbia River, they were eager to go to a place where fish were reported to be abundant still. But, not all members of the party were eager to begin this new life; among them was an eight year-old orphan, Sylvia Elomaa.

Helen Elomaa, Sylvia's eleven year old sister, had learned from the newspaper that the Karjalan party was leaving on the morning train. She hurried from the home in uppertown where she was living with her uncle, Nestor Renvall and his family, to go down to the train station. She found Sylvia. She hoped somehow to persuade her sister to leave the train and stay with her. Helen knew that her sister wanted to go with her, but she kept glancing back at the man who had assumed guardianship over her, George Gratsky (Gratchov), the man who was leading this group to Karjala. If Ellen had been older, she would have demanded that Sylvia leave the train. But she did not and she watched as the train pulled out of the station with Sylvia on it. Her parents were dead and now she lost her sister.

STORY OF THE FAMILY

Frank (Franz) Villehard Elomaa arrived in the United States at Sault St. Marie, Michigan, on the 19th of March 1912, having left their home in Bjorneborg, Finland, as recorded on Frank's Declaration of Intention paper filed at the Clatsop County Courthouse only three months later. This paper was the first step toward becoming naturalized. After a time, Frank sent money to his wife, Hilda Laurila Elomaa, so that she and their daughter could make the trip to Astoria. Helen was eleven months old when she arrived here. A little over a year later Sylvia Marie was born in Astoria, thus becoming an American citizen. Frank Elomaa died in October of 1914. His widow, Hilda, married Christ Davis. A daughter, Esther, was born to them on May 3, 1918. Then, when the influenza epidemic of 1918

swept across the nation, it robbed the three girls of their mother who was only 31 years old. "When my mother was carried out of the house to the cemetery, Christ Davis left too, and never returned," Helen said. And he never assumed any responsibility or paid any support for his step-daughters or his own daughter, Esther.

Nestor Renvall, the older brother of Frank Elomaa, who had changed his name to Renvall when he came to the



United States in 1907, took the children. He found a home for Baby Esther. Then sometime after 1920, George Gratchov, the Editor of the socialist publication, *Tovari*, printed in Astoria, "adopted" Sylvia, then took her to Russia. (This was probably not a legal adoption as it was not recorded in the courthouse records.) Helen was desolate. She not only had lost her sister, Sylvia, but she did not know where Esther was. Difficult years followed for Helen who was constantly reminded that she was

an outsider in the homes where she lived.

Before school began in the fall of 1922, Renvall placed Helen in a foster home with the Rajala family in the Kelso area of Washington. She was unhappy there and one day as a crowd was boarding a boat that was about to leave for Astoria, she mingled with other children who were boarding it, escaping notice. It was midnight when the boat docked in Astoria and Helen has vivid memories of how frightened she was as she climbed the long hill to the Renvall house in Uppertown.

Helen remained with the Renvall family long enough to graduate from the John Jacob Astor School which was built the year before to replace the old Adair School that she had also attended. (A few years earlier, she had attended Taylor School in the west end of Astoria when her mother was still alive.) At the age of fourteen, she went to work at the Booth Cannery, then at the Beaver Hotel which was located across the street from the plywood mill. She was now on her own. Julia Hellberg Elo, who had been a neighbor of the Rajala family in Kelso, had moved to Astoria with her family. She was working at Elin Toika's boarding house on Bond Street and told Helen she could get a job there. The operators of the Beaver Hotel told Helen that she could not leave unless she had a replacement. Helen found one who showed up to apply for the work, but did not show up to do the work. By that time, Helen was busy at work at her new job and could not be persuaded to return. She worked for several years for

Mrs. Toika, who was good to her. Her job was to make beds, and to bake biscuits and sourdough bread. For this she was paid a dollar a day and was provided room and board. As an added

175

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR
 NATURALIZATION SERVICE

975

ORIGINAL

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DECLARATION OF INTENTION

(Granted for all purposes seven years after the date issued)

I, Francis Villibard Elomaa, of the State of Oregon, in the Circuit Court of Clatsop County, Oregon, aged 72 years, occupation laborer, do declare on oath that my personal description is: Color white, complexion fair, height 6 feet — inches, weight 190 pounds, color of hair brown, color of eyes blue, other visible distinctive marks scar of right eye deformed. I was born in Hjorleberg, Finland on the 4th day of August, anno Domini 1889; I now reside at 273 - 28th Street, Astoria, Oregon. I emigrated to the United States of America from Thorpe, England on the vessel Trenton to Alaska from Seattle; my last foreign residence was Hjorleberg, Finland. It is my bona fide intention to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to Nicholas II, Emperor of all the Russias, of whom I am now a subject; I arrived at the port of Sault Ste Marie, in the State of Michigan, on or about the 9th day of March, anno Domini 1912; I am not an anarchist; I am not a polygamist nor a believer in the practice of polygamy; and it is my intention in good faith to become a citizen of the United States of America and to permanently reside therein: SO HELP ME GOD.

Francis Villibard Elomaa
(Signature of declarant)

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, anno Domini 1912.

[SEAL]

J. C. Clinton
Clerk of the Circuit Court.

By E. C. Garhart, Deputy Clerk.

benefit, she had her good friend, Julia, to spend her spare moments with. (They still enjoy talking over these old days some sixty years later.)

Helen married in 1932 and her son, Bud Mace, was born. She was divorced, then married John W. Angberg in Vancouver, Washington, a marriage that has lasted fifty-eight years. John and Helen had two children, Yvonne

Dent and Joanne Bjork. Helen now has eleven grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. She continued to work after her marriage to John. First she worked at the Anderson Cannery, then the Cold Storage, Columbia River Packers Association, then Uptegroves' Lumber Co. where she made cigar boxes for fifteen years. After that she worked at Grove's Poultry.

Helen missed her sisters and never stopped trying to find them. The year her youngest sister, Esther, turned eighteen, Helen found her. "That was the happiest day of my life," Helen said. Esther came often to visit Helen and became acquainted with a neighbor who was a good friend of her sister's husband. They were married and the couples have been close all these years. A decision the two sisters had to make, they never expected. Christ Davis, Esther's father, who had abandoned her as a baby and refused to contribute to the support of the girls, and was thereby responsible for them being split up, died. As his nearest kin, they were expected to pay for his funeral. It was not one of the more expensive funerals they chose.

Finally one day in the early 1940s, a letter arrived from the Soviet Union. It was from Sylvia who wrote about her life in Karelia and sent along a photograph of her daughter. Then the Second World War erupted and Karelia became a battlefield for Hitler's army and the Russian forces. Helen lost contact with Sylvia. She believed, and almost hoped, that Sylvia had died in that awful war, because to survive meant only to endure starvation and witness the horrors that the aftermath of war brought. No further letters came.

Helen and her husband went to Finland in 1970 for six weeks, hoping to be allowed to enter the Soviet Union to search for Sylvia. She was confident that she would find her. But as the

weeks went by, her elation and energy disappeared. They were refused entry. Deeply disappointed Helen and John returned home to Svensen. And now after all these years of searching for her sister, contact has been established again. Helen fears, however, that it is too late, and that her sister has passed away. But she knows now that Sylvia had not forgotten her. Almost seventy-one years they had been separated physically, but not in spirit.

Excerpts from the *Morning Astoria*, June 3, 1922, page 1, with original spelling intact:

*Finnish Families to Emigrate to
Frozen Shores of the White Sea
in Red Russia - Leave here Sunday*

A party of about 50 members of the local Finish colony including men, women and children will leave Astoria Sunday on their way to the bleak coasts of the White Sea in northernmost Russia where, armed with concessions from the Red dictatorship at Moscow, they intend to form a permanent settlement and using fishing and canning methods learned in the United States, spend the remainder of their lives in the "freedom" of the bolshevistic state. In addition to those from Astoria there will be about 20 more people of Finnish nationality from up and down the coast joining the party in New York. . . . Monsieur Hyrsky is making all transportation arrangements and has provided steamship transportation to Riga where the party will again entrain and passing through Perograd make a dreary journey on the long stretch of the Mernvin railway, through the marshes of northern Russia, until the end of the line is reached at Kem in the district of Karelia, where the Arctic sea, unwarmed by the touch of the Gulf

stream laps a frozen shore that is totally ice-bound except for a few months in the summer when the soil will thaw out for 10 or 13 inches. . . .

In line with other problems of the Soviet government, the matter of developing this territory was taken up and it was decided to build up the fishing industry. Their New York agent, a M. Hyrsky, started negotiating with local Finlanders. Last year two fishermen, residents of Astoria, John Mattila and John Anttila, left for Kem to investigate the situation. . . . Anttila had lived in Astoria for about 15 years. He was a student and studied the fishing industry from one end to the other taking two winter courses on fish canning at the University of Washington. These two prominent men are said to have reported favorably on the project and to have written that the cannery building is already constructed and awaiting the machinery. It is also reported that Lenine has made Anttila minister of fisheries for the northern district of Russia. . . .

These people know that they are going to a land of intense cold the year

round, a land where the soil is frozen to such an extent that nothing can be grown, not even potatoes, and a land where, they will miss life in a modern civilization. They say that they can sacrifice everything for "freedom." We believe they do not know what they want and that two years time will see all those who can return back in Astoria. . . .

It was impossible last evening to obtain the list of names of those leaving Astoria but it is said that numbering among them are men and women who have lived in Astoria for over 20 years and who have been prominent in West End affairs. ♦

For the story of the many problems this colony encountered, its ultimate failure, and the return to America of some of the participants, read Paul George Hummasti's book, *Radicals in Astoria, 1904-1940: A Study in Immigrant Socialism*, published by the Arno Press in 1979.

Seaside Women's Club (1913-1983)

Organized on October 23, 1913, the Club became affiliated with the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Oregon Federation in the fall of 1915. It was discontinued for the duration of World War I at the request of the governor who asked the members to devote their time to war work. The Club was reorganized in the fall of 1919 and remained active through 1973. Seaside Women's Club sponsored many money raising projects. Their Library Building Fund, which developed into a

community project, eventually raised more than \$11,000. When the Seaside Library became a reality and was dedicated on November 24, 1963, Seaside Women's Club members felt they had at last achieved their goal. Among their other achievements were establishing free mail delivery in Seaside on January 1, 1936; participation in the March of Dimes, cancer research, bloodmobile work, and selling UNICEF cards at various banks.

--From the Seaside Museum

Marie Catherine Sikkas (Cecust) Lattie

Mary Catherine (Elizabeth) Lattie, also known by her Indian name of Sikkas (Cecust), was unique among the donation land claim holders in Clatsop County because she was a woman and because she was an Indian. She was born about 1813 to a Tillamook father and Clatsop mother. She was officially married to Alexander Lattie on November 3, 1845 at Fort Vancouver, but the marriage had unofficially commenced about 1831.

Alexander Lattie was born at Saint Andrews, Fifeshire on the southeast coast of Scotland on May 10, 1802. He had been put in charge of the Hudson Bay's Company's Fort George (Astoria) installation in 1846 and kept a journal which has been reprinted in the Oregon Historical Quarterly of September 1963. He was a literate man as a list of the contents of his estate shows. (See page 22 in the Winter 1987 issue of Cumtux.) He drowned in the Columbia River near the mouth of the Willamette River in September 1849. The search for land of his own to settle on occupied much of Lattie's free time and was frustrating because much of the good land was occupied already in the late 1840's. After his death, his widow continued the search and found a choice piece of property on which the City of Seaside is now located. Mary Catherine stated on her application for the donation land claim that she settled on her claim on the 25th of February 1853. This claim began one block south of Broadway stretching southward and contained 324.17 acres. Her son, William Lattie, had a donation land claim adjacent and south of hers. The

value of this land today would be calculated in many millions of dollars.

Helen Lattie Cloutrie, daughter of Mary Catherine, lived with the Adam Van Dusen family for some years, learning all the secrets of good cooking. When she moved to the Seaside area, she and her family began operating a hotel that attracted visitors all up and down the coast, helping to make Seaside the famous tourist attraction that it is today.

Mary Catherine Lattie made out



CCHS #4620-00L

Believed to be Marie Catherine Lattie.

her will on the 8th of May 1868 and died on the 13th, according to a book written by her descendant, Len Millard. She was probably buried in the Cloutrie Cemetery near the east end of Avenue S on the Necanicum River. Some of the descendants of the Latties include the Bain, Cloutrie, Coffman, Mason, Millard, Philbrick and Shepherd families. For a story of the family see *The Seaside* by Len Millard, published in 1980. ♦

Rosa Lemberg

In December of 1912, the Star Theatre in Astoria advertised an "EXTRA TONIGHT --MISS ROSY LANBERG IN FINNISH SONG ILLUSTRATED." Those who paid the admission price of ten cents for the good seats and five cents for the inferior ones were treated to the sound of the Finnish Nightingale. On the same bill were the Wilsons who performed a Pianologue and the McLinns who were Equilibrists, but it was Rosy who received top billing.

African, English, and Finnish cultures combined to produce this beautiful songbird. Rosa Lemberg's father was the British Vice-Governor of South-West Africa and her mother was a black woman of that country. She was raised in a Finnish missionary school in Ovamboland and in 1884, at the age of nine, she went with a missionary couple to live in Finland for several years, absorbing the culture, learning the music, and being trained to teach. She migrated to America in 1904 and for over forty years, she performed across the United States.

The 1910 census caught her in Astoria living at 253 Alameda Street in an apartment house with her husband, Lauri Lemberg, and her two children, Irja and Kalervo, the older child, a year old and the younger, three months old. Her husband, Lauri, was a

Finn who the census said was a butcher, but Walter Mattila in *The Theater Finns* said worked as the printer of the *Tovari*, a socialist publication printed in Astoria. For several years, Rosa performed on stages in Astoria. In 1915, she was hired to direct plays put on by the Socialist Club, winning over her husband, who also applied for the job. Not long afterward, they were divorced and some time after she had moved on, her husband became director.

Rosalia is her biography, written by Arvo Lindewall in 1942. A translation by Eva H. Erickson was published in 1988. See also Walter Mattila's *The Theater Finns*, 1972, published by the Finnish American



Courtesy of the Finnish-American Historical Society of the West

*Rosa Lemberg is seated in front. The other women are Fiina Rietala, left, and Toini Niemi, right. Others identified are Frank Niemi, third from left against the wall; Waino Riipa, first editor of the *Tovari*, second from left against the wall; Nick Lammi, extreme right; and Edwin Toivonen, second from right.*

Historical Society of the West for her story. ♦



CCHS# 2082-509

Seaside High School Band About 1932-3

FRONT ROW (L to R) – Eva Hansen, Marguerita Mortinson, *unknown*, Clara Ostman, Louise Compton, Bessie Grimes, Agnes Relton, Dorothy Wright, Helen Engelke, Esther May Abbot.

MIDDLE ROW (L to R) – Dorothy Schultz, Carol Moody, Frieda Flukinger, Al Utzinger, Genevieve Cahill, Sally Ralston.

BACK ROW (L to R) – Margaret Teevin, Beryl Stanley, Christine Haag, Dorothy Relton, Betty Gott, Gene Abrams, Fairy Grafton, Lena Gassner, *unknown*, Evelyn Compton, *unknown*.

Midwives in Clatsop County

Midwives commonly assisted in the delivery of babies in the past. Those who were registered to act as midwives in the years from 1915 to 1921 included:

Sophia Thompson	225-29th	Astoria	Hilda Andras	388 Alameda	Astoria
Tilda Larsen	2-43rd St.	Astoria	Emma Joki	139 Columbia	Astoria
Elizabeth Carlson	68 Columbia	Astoria	B.C. Isaacson	68 Columbia	Astoria
Anna Kemppainen	261 Alameda	Astoria	Ida Odell	5 Columbia	Astoria
Martha Worum	23 First St.	Astoria	Tina Nikkila		Astoria
Nora Lind	408 35th St.	Astoria	Marie Marelle	Clifton	

Uniontown

About 1920



Courtesy of the Astoria Public Library

This unusual view of Uniontown appears to have been taken in the yard of a house on West Commercial Street just east of Hume Street about 1920. The house at the right edge of the photo belonged to John Niemi. The long white building with the ladder on the roof, to the left, was a boarding house. The houses, hedge and lawns in the foreground have all disappeared and been replaced with a few tall trees and brush.

In the background can be seen some of the major landmarks of Uniontown. Extending into the Columbia River is the Union Fishermen's Cooperative Cannery,



organized in 1896 and built the next year. The white building on the east side of the net racks is Suomi Hall which was built on Alameda Street by the Finnish Temperance Society and moved to Taylor Avenue (West Marine Drive) in 1910, then sold to the Finnish Brotherhood (U.F.K.B. & S.) in 1934; it is still in use. Buildings to the west include the Karhuvaara Boarding House (white), still standing, the five-story Finnish Socialist Club, built in 1911, mysteriously burned in 1923, and the Hannula Boarding House, the largest boarding house in Astoria (dark), later burned. Next west was the Union Fish Warehouse, still standing.

Clara Cynthia Munson

by Mary L. Mason

Among Clatsop County's noted women, Clara (Callie) Munson stands out in a very special way. She was the first woman mayor west of the Rockies, and Warrenton can claim her with pride. She was born in Oysterville, Washington, June 15, 1861.

Her father, Joel Wilson Munson,



"CALLIE" MUNSON
1861-1938

was born December 25, 1818 in Hebron, New York. He came by ship to Oregon with a cousin and two friends in 1853, bringing also his violin. He worked at carpentry until he went to Oysterville in 1857. He married Sophia Kimball in 1859.

Her mother, Sarah Sophia Kimball, was born in 1841 in La Porte, Indiana. She came with her family across the plains in 1847 to the Whitman Mission,

where her father, Nathan, was killed at the same time as the Whitmans. Her mother married again, to John Jewett, and Sophia was brought up on Clatsop Plains. Clara had a brother, Fred, who was born in 1860.

After the disastrous loss of an oyster crop due to an extreme low tide and a cold snap, Joel became keeper of Cape Disappointment lighthouse at the mouth of the Columbia River. It was later renamed Canby lighthouse.

Here the family lived for twelve years. The first school Fred and Clara attended was the post school which was held at the Fort Canby garrison for the children of the officers. In 1873 their parents hired a young girl from Portland, Luella Clay Carson, to be their governess. In 1875 Clara and Miss Carson decided to go to St. Helen's Hall in Portland. Clara graduated in 1880. Fred attended old Pacific college in Forest Grove.

Clara's first teaching post was at Wallicut, near Ilwaco, Washington. Later she taught in Astoria, then Fort Stevens.

Meanwhile, the family had moved to the Oregon side of the river, and her father became keeper at the Point Adams lighthouse and kept that post for nineteen years. During all these years Joel played his violin for dances on both sides of the river. Clara was also musical, and taught music after her school teaching career was over. She said in her reminiscences that her father's violin was a cherished item of their home. Never idle, she often helped her father in his duties at the lighthouse, which stood on the site of Battery

Russell at Fort Stevens.

Charles Moore states that she was never called anything but "Callie" by everyone. Callie and his mother, Eathel Abbey Moore, were friends.

In 1908 she was elected school clerk and held that position for twenty-two years.

A candidate on the Citizen's ticket in the mayoral election in 1912, she received sixteen more votes than her opponent. Thus, she became, on the coming of women's suffrage, the first woman mayor in the West. This attracted a lot of attention nationally. Many reporters came to Warrenton, and there were many magazine and newspaper articles written. She served two years.

Clara was appointed postmistress in Warrenton in 1927.

Besides her civic duties, Clara wrote many articles on Point Adams, early steamboat days and Clatsop pioneers.

Clara died on October 19, 1938 at the age of 77 in her home in Warrenton, after being in poor health for some time. She was buried in the family plot at Ocean View Cemetery, having survived her parents and brother.

Sources:

Astorian Budget: October 19, 1938
History of the Columbia River Valley from the Sea, 1928 by Fred Lockley
Centennial History of Oregon, 1811 to 1912: Vol. 2, by Joseph Gaston
Charles Moore - reminiscences
See also *Cumtux*, Summer 1987, pg. 20

Mary L. Mason was a librarian for the Astoria Public Library for many years. She was responsible for helping to build the fine collection of books in its Astoriana section. Mary also wrote, "Letters from the Boelling Collection," in the Winter 1981 issue of *Cumtux*. ♦

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CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1618 Exchange Street, Astoria, Oregon 97103

Mae Wheeler

In June 1943, Mae Whitney Wheeler went to work as the first and only field staff member of the Columbia River Log Scaling and Grading Bureau. For about three years, she worked as measureman-tallyman on log booms at Astoria, and to the east at Cathlamet, Deep River, Grays River, and Skamokawa, and south at Garibaldi and

the Trask River. Carrying a ten-foot bamboo measuring pole and a waterproof tally book, she walked on the floating logs, measured their length, then marked the measurements into the book along with the brands and the grading that the scaler called out.

HIRED FOR THE JOB

She landed this unusual job when her neighbor, Clarence V. Boone, observed Mae walking on the boomsticks that stretched out into the water behind the float house where Mae and her family lived south of the old Youngs Bay Bridge. Debris floated down the river and got hung up on the boomsticks, so every once in a while Mae, wearing a housedress and gum boots and carrying a pike pole, would walk out on the boomsticks and untoggle the chains that hooked them together. She would pull out the debris with the pike pole, then re-attach the chains to the logs. Clarence, who was working as a scaler, had just lost his helper, Walter Larson, who had been called into the service because of the war, and he decided that the sure-footed five-foot, one-inch housewife might work as a replacement. She was willing to give it a try. Bill



Courtesy of Mae Wheeler

Mae Wheeler with tallybook in hand and calk boots on her feet walking on logs on Youngs Bay. Coxcomb Hill and the Astor Column are in the background.

Whitehouse, who was head of the division, interviewed Mae, then said, "You'll do." From June to December in 1943 she worked with Clarence Boone until the winter weather made walking the boomsticks too hazardous. The cork boots would fill up with snow and ice and didn't give traction. The next season, she worked with Bill Whitehouse. She was his partner until she gave up her job.

HAZARDS ON THE RIVER

During her career on the river, she only fell into the water twice. One time while on Youngs Bay, she stepped on a boomerang log (one that is lopsided), and ended up in the water. Another time was at Cathlamet, where she suspected she had been set up by the loggers. Word had spread that a woman was going to work as measureman and they wanted to test her. The boomsticks in the string that lead to the raft of logs were set a little too far apart. She generally wore size 4 1/2 shoes, but had to borrow a pair of calk boots from her boss to work in; they were size 7 and very awkward. She hit the end of the log with the boot, lost her footing, and

went into the water up to her armpits, but she bounced up out of the water so quickly and was just far enough out of view that the loggers didn't see it happen. The worst place to work, she said, was Garibaldi, because the surge from the ocean floated the logs apart. She could swim, so she wasn't too worried. The boom crews told her, "You're not a 'river cat' until your hat has floated down river."

WORK GARB

The winter weather gear was cumbersome, but necessary to keep out the cold. She ordered red woolen underwear from the woolen mills and wore these over nylon hose, then, jeans, overalls, a blue zipper jacket, then foul weather gear. In spite of this, the cold still got through and she was miserable when the day was over. In summer, she wore tee shirt, overalls, and a tie-around turban. Mae would spend part of her lunch hour in the boomshack putting on nail polish. The men were complaining that the markings of the logs were hard to read. Mae told them, "You ought to dab some nail polish on the logs." One of the guys said that it was a good.



Courtesy of Mae Wheeler

Mae Wheeler holding the measuring stick.

bright color, so they tried it and it caught on.

They worked five days a week, starting at seven in the morning and continued until they were done. They usually did two rafts a day, inspecting every log. If the log had no brand, then they tried to find out where it came from. Bill Whitehouse could look at a log and just about tell in what area it had grown. Occasionally, they inspected logs that had been submerged for decades and were as sound as any in the latest cutting.

Mae was born in Breckinridge, Minnesota on July 19, 1907. She moved with her parents to Whitefish, Montana, when she was six months old and grew up there. She was the first woman to cook for the Flat Head National

Forestry Service. In 1926, she came to Astoria. She cooked for five years on the seining grounds, then on the ferries until the bridge was built. Mae has one child, Sue Vernon, who works at the Motor Vehicles Department in Astoria and she has one grandchild, Blaine Vernon, who works for the Educational Service District in Astoria. Blaine and his wife, Tina, have a daughter, Alisa Marie Whitney Vernon. Now at the age of 85, Mae is still just as active as ever.

Mae Wheeler and her unusual occupation have been the subject of magazine and newspaper articles, including: *The Astorian Budget* for August 2, 1944 and *The International Timberman*, October 1944, page 94. ♦

The struggle for freedom

Wong Ho, Chinese Slave

One objection to the Chinese that was voiced in the Astoria newspapers in the 1870s was that many of the Chinese women on the west coast had been imported to work as prostitutes. These women did not choose their occupation for they had no control over their own lives at all. They were considered property to be bought or sold and were the most abused of Astoria's population in those years.

Wong Ho, a twenty-seven year old Chinese woman, was owned by Hop Kee and his associates and forced to work for him. Problems soon arose for Hop Kee. He had not counted on Ah Back falling in love with her.

Ah Back had been converted to Christianity and the Western way of doing things, and marriage to the

woman he loved seemed to be the appropriate action. On the first day of November in 1877, Ah Back and Wong Ho went to the office of Frank J. Taylor who was the police judge of the City of Astoria at the time. After determining that Wong Ho was over eighteen years old and Ah Back was over twenty-one, according to an affidavit signed by Linn Sam, a friend of Ah Back, Judge Taylor married the couple. F. D. Winton and William G. Ross served as witnesses.

Hop Kee had not given his consent to the marriage and he was not happy about having his property stolen. He enlisted the help of powerful friends in the Chinese Protective Association with which he was affiliated. They raised thousands of dollars to pay for the legal help of seven or eight of the



Courtesy of John M. Acton

These buildings, located on the northwest corner of 8th and Bond Streets, were part of Astoria's Chinatown. This block was later bi-sected by the rerouting of Marine Drive and the buildings torn down. Note the figure of a man behind the lamp post. Photo taken in the early 1930's by J.M. Acton.

best lawyers in the City of Portland where they brought charges against Wong Ho. They knew they had little hope of winning the case in Astoria where both the police judge and the Chief of Police were allies of Ah Back.

Frank J. Taylor and William G. Ross were called to Portland to testify in behalf of Wong Ho, Ah Back, and his friend Linn Sam. It was an odd twist: the Chinese Protective Association using the American courts to prevent what they considered an attack on their authority by someone trying to steal the property of one of their members. To insure that Ah Back would be punished, they offered a reward of one thousand dollars for his murder, guaranteeing to pay all costs for a trial if the murderer should be arrested for the crime.

Their plan of attack was to have Linn Sam arrested on a charge of larceny, said to have been committed in Eugene, and to have Ah Back charged with a larceny in Salem, although neither of the accused had ever been in those cities before. Both men were jailed. Then spurious charges were made against Wong Ho who was lodged in the county jail in Portland because

she was unable to raise money to pay her bail. Her former owners, however, did have the cash to bail her out. They went to the sheriff with the money and demanded that he release her from jail. The sheriff had to comply. Wong Ho refused to go with her fellow countrymen, but as soon as she stepped out of the door of the jail, they pounced on her and forced her into a hack and carried her off to a secret place. The police then made out a warrant to arrest the men who absconded with her. One man was later arrested, but the other was still at large with his captive. The Chinese then threatened to kill anyone who revealed the whereabouts of Wong Ho and her kidnapper. The police organized a massive search for her which ended in failure.

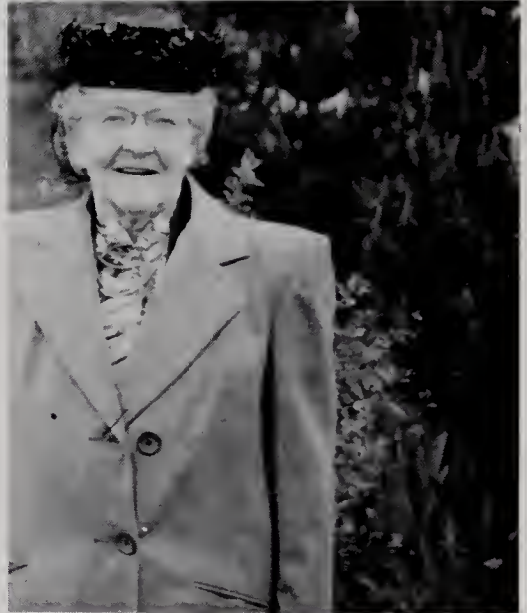
Several months later, it was reported that Wong Ho had finally been found and her captors were jailed. She had been hidden in the hut of a Chinese gardener near the canyon at Portland and there had been "sold into worse than bondage." Her friends afterwards kept vigil over her to insure that she and her husband would remain free. ♦

Julia Callahan Kelly

by Helen Gaston

The majority of the pioneers we read about were the big husky men who settled the West; however, there were also petite but adventurous women who came. Julia Callahan was one of these women. She weighed less than 90 pounds, wore a size 3 shoe, and a glove that she wore measures less than two inches across the knuckles. In spite of her diminutive size, she had the spunk and determination to move to this frontier and be a successful homesteader.

Julia Callahan was born in Kerry, Ireland, about September 21, 1866. Her mother had died when she was very young so she wasn't sure of her birthday. When she was eleven years old, she came to Germantown, Pennsylvania with her father and several other siblings. When Julia was eighteen, she traveled by train from Pennsylvania to Astoria with two female cousins. They transferred to a small boat that took them up Youngs River to the Kamm place. The two cousins at this point decided it was too much of a wilderness and went back to Pennsylvania. They tried to convince Julia to return with them, even offering to buy her a return ticket, but she chose to go alone to Mishawaka another seventeen miles through the timber on a very narrow trail. There she met her aunt, Julia Cochran, who with her husband had earlier staked their claim on 160 acres of timberland. Sometime early in the 1880s, they helped Julia Callahan to establish her claim. It was in the hills, covered with old-growth timber. She cleared three acres to raise



Courtesy of Helen Gaston

crops and made the statement, "Oh, will I ever be able to get this place cleared so it's worth something." At that time she had no idea of the value the timber would have in later years.

On March 3, 1889, she married William Kelly at the old Saint Mary's Church in Astoria. A reception followed at the Rileys' on Irving Avenue. William was born on July 24, 1863 in the British Isles and claimed to be of Irish descent. He came to Astoria in 1884 on a ship from Liverpool, England.

On December 9, 1889, their first child, Mary Ellen, was born to them. A mid-wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Clafly, assisted at the birth. Julia went to Mary Ann's place which was down on the Nehalem River near Cow Creek, where she had the baby and was taken care of

for several weeks. Julia's second baby, Catherine, was also born at Mary Ann's in 1891.

In the late 1880s only a path existed out to the Nehalem Valley. After Mary Ellen's birth, while making a trip to Astoria, they found the trail so rough that Julia got off the horse and walked and had her husband ride and hold the baby, fearing she would drop it.

After her marriage, Julia continued to live out in the valley, but her husband had started a business in Astoria on Scow Bay. He had purchased a horse and wagon and was making deliveries for furniture businesses in Astoria. He later purchased 15 to 20 large horses and started the wood business. By the late 1800s, Julia's husband's business had become established enough to support the family, so Julia moved into Astoria. There they had four other children:

"Peg" Margaret Malone Medley	b. 1894	d. 1935
Teresa Wage	b. 1896	d. 1972
William J.	b. 1896	d. 1897
Joseph	b. 1902	d. 1973
"Oney" Lenore Normand Camberg	b. 1908	
	still living in 1993	

In 1919, they moved out to the Nehalem Valley again, this time

purchasing a place on the Nehalem River. They developed a herd of milk cows. Julia's husband became an invalid, and she, along with her daughter, Oney, cared for him, as well as taking care of the farm. Her husband died October 29, 1933.

With the help of a hired man, they continued farming until 1940, when she sold the farm and purchased a home on Lewis and Clark Way in Seaside. She was very proud, especially of the fact that she never had to have public assistance. She continued to live in her home until June 1962, after which she lived with relatives. She died in Saint Mary's Hospital in Astoria on September 10, 1962. She is buried in Greenwood Cemetery in the Kelly family plot.

When Julia was asked about her childhood, she would say, "Never look back; yesterday is gone; tomorrow is a new day." That was the philosophy she lived by, and, as a result, accomplished more than most women ever dream of.

The author, Helen Gaston, is the wife of Robert Gaston, son of Mary Ellen Kelly Gaston, first born of Julia Callahan Kelly. Helen serves on the board of directors for both the Clatsop County and the Seaside Historical Societies. ♦

WOMEN AT WAR

A photograph of a billboard in Astoria, titled, "If You Served in the World War = Your Name Belongs Here," included the names of six women, Mrs. A. A. Anderson, Florence S. Flavel, Ann Honkkanen, Emily N. Fertig, Sue Saiget and Olda Vandervert.

CUSHING CORPS

Cushing Corps No. 3, Woman's Relief Corps, was organized in Astoria, the oldest woman's patriotic organization in Astoria and the third oldest in Oregon. The 13 charter members were Julia M. Brodie, Laura Tomes, Hattie Cooper, Esther Broemser, Alice Davison, Katie Robb, Elsie Nickles, Catherine Monteith, Maggie Wright, Nettie Whitcomb, Sarah J. Clinton, Clemmie Ross, and Mary L. Parker. The original purpose of the organization was to help the needy veterans of the Civil War and their dependents.

To Honor My Dad

by Virginia Thompson Macfarlane

August Thompson (Pudas) immigrated to the United States on June 4, 1880. At this time he was almost 22 years old. He was born in Pyhajoki, Finland on July 9, 1858. His parents were Thomas Pudas and Liisa Yli-Mattila.

When he left Finland, his destination was listed as Bay City, Michigan. The ships that left England at this time were of the steam and sail type. The journey took about ten days, depending on the weather. The cost of the trip was about 481.25 marks from Hanko, Finland to New York, in 1893.

Although my dad did arrive in Bay City, Oregon, a few months later he went to Astoria, Oregon. His occupation was carpenter-fisherman. He remained a bachelor for a few years, living in boarding houses. He never used his Finnish name, "Pudas," and became "Thompson," son of Thomas.

At a dance he met a young lady just under five feet tall, a blue-eyed blond. Her name was Maria Mathison (Poikela). She immigrated to this country with her mother and three



Photos courtesy of Virginia Macfarlane

Behind August Thompson (Pudas) and his wife Maria Mathison (Poikela) stand sons, Sanford and Charles. To Maria's left is Albert. (John) Arnet is wearing the white collar and baby Elizabeth is in her father's lap. This photograph was taken in Astoria shortly before the family's move to the Sointula commune in 1902.

younger children. Mamma was thirteen when she came to the United States. Neither she nor my dad saw the Statue of Liberty or Ellis Island--these places happened later.

Dad and Mamma were married at

the Union Temperance Socialist Hall on August 6, 1889. My dad built several homes in West Astoria, including two of his own--they are all still in use. He helped to build the old Taylor School. He also worked for the Wilson shipyard in the building of boats. He built his own fishing boat, of course.

In July or August of 1902, August Thompson with his wife and five children (the youngest being a girl of three months) left Astoria to go to live on Malcolm Island, British Columbia, Canada. Evidently my dad had heard a speech by Matti Kurikka, telling about his utopian plan. Each family was to have a homestead timber claim of eighty acres. The town was to be called "Sointula," which means "harmony." It was to cost \$200 per adult and if you didn't have all the cash, you were supposed to work to pay your share. Dad was to be in charge of boats and use his carpenter skills. On their way to Malcolm Island, they stayed overnight in an honest-to-goodness Indian longhouse on Alert Bay.

When they got there, they lived in an unpainted house--On one side lived Dr. Beckman who also came from Astoria and had lived across the street from the Thompsons. Perhaps it really was the doctor's influence that persuaded Dad to go to Sointula. Next to this house was an apartment house three stories high.



House built by August Thompson at 261 Alameda.



House built by August Thompson at 268 West Exchange in Astoria.

On a dark night, January 29, 1903, there was a general meeting held on the top floor. My dad and two of the children were on the top floor; one of the children was on the lower playing with a friend. A fire erupted and when my mother saw the fire, she took the baby and her five year old son and watched from a safe distance. She was frantic fearing for the safety of her family. She found out they were safe. The building burned to the ground. Eleven people lost their lives, including eight children.

I learned from Paula Wild, who is



*John Arnet Thompson
at the age of 93.*

doing research on Sointula, that my mother, Mary Thompson, was the chairman of the Relief Committee after the fire. Her name was mentioned in a letter to the Attorney General of Victoria, British Columbia, dated February 25, 1903, written by the Provincial Constable. Also, her name was mentioned in the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, dated February 3, 1903.

Luckily, the house they lived in next door did not catch fire. A few months after this tragedy, the Thompsons left Sointula and after a short stay in Vancouver, British Columbia, returned to Astoria, Oregon. The Sointula experience was one of being a pioneer in a wilderness area, very isolated. My dad was 44 at this time and Mamma, 32.

Before they went to Sointula, Dad bought the land for his first house--\$250. It was at 193 Alameda Avenue. It has a new number, 261. After returning, he bought land for \$235, and built the home in which I grew up. It was called "Columbia Avenue." It is now "West Exchange." My brother, Harry, burned part of this house in 1913, playing with matches in an upstairs room. He was only five and so scared, he didn't tell what he had done. As he was going out the door, Mamma asked, "Where are going?" He said, "Haakke wood"--Finglish for getting wood. This was when the family lost pictures, letters, wedding dress, papers, etc--irreplaceable memorabilia. Our Finnish

neighbors here were Lopakkas, Eliassons and Riipas.

My dad and mom were members of the Finnish Brotherhood and attended many social gatherings at Suomi Hall.

Dad was helping to build a home for Mamma's sister, Ethel Kamara, at their farm in the Lewis and Clark area. He walked home in the rain and got pneumonia. He lived eighteen days after being taken to the hospital. He left a widow and nine children; this was in 1920 and he was 62 years old.

His widow was to receive another blow five months later. Her fifteen year old daughter, Olga, was killed at the Union Fishermen's Co-operative Cannery by getting her neck caught and crushed in the freight elevator during the lunch hour. She was working there at the time.

Her sons helped her to carry on after these tragedies. She had six sons. The three oldest served in World War I. The oldest was in Alsace-Lorraine at the time of the birth of the last child, therefore my second name is "Lorraine." I was two at the time of my dad's death and received most of this information from my brother, John Arnet, who was the five year old in Sointula. He celebrated his 94th birthday last year on July 4, 1992.

On February 15, 1918, my parents, August and Marie Thompson, welcomed their tenth and last child--me. The attendant at my birth was a midwife, Mrs. Matti Kempainen. My dad was sixty at this time and my mother forty-eight.

They had six boys and four girls. My youngest brother was nine years older than I. My dad died when I was two so I never knew him. My older brothers took care of the family by gillnet fishing and working in the Union Fishermen's Cooperative Cannery in Astoria.

Although my mother spoke three languages: Finnish, Norwegian and Swedish--I did not learn any of them.

My aunt in Lewis and Clark had a dairy farm and also raised chickens, so we had fresh milk and eggs.

One of my brothers had a dance orchestra called "Al Thompson and His Tunetappers." He led the band and played the trombone; another brother played the drums.

My first four grades were at Taylor School then Captain Robert Gray through grammar school. I graduated from Astoria High in January 1936.

After my mother died in 1937, I moved to Portland, Oregon, to live with my sister for a while. I attended Northwestern School of Business and after graduating did secretarial work.

My husband, Gordon, and I were married in 1943. We have three children and seven grandchildren.

One of my dreams was to trace my roots, so in 1978, we took a trip to Sointula. That was quite an experience; it took us many hours. It was hard to imagine my parents doing it in 1902.

Then in 1979, we went to Finland.

We stayed ten nights with my distant cousins there. I visited all the villages that my parents' families lived in: Pyhajoki, Kittila, and Sodankyla. Then we took a bus into Norway and I was able to visit Vadso, where my mother was born. In Kittila, I was able to stand on the very ground my grandmother Marie Pietula's home had stood. Pietula descendants still live on the property and it is lovely. This trip was my most fantastic and made me really appreciate my Finnish roots. ♦



Virginia Thompson Macfarlane

Daughter of Princess Celiast of the Clatsop Tribe

Charlotte Smith

An article in the Morning Astorian of July 25, 1929 reported the death of Charlotte Effler, who we refer to here by her maiden name of Charlotte Smith. She was a woman of considerable dignity and authority and was proud of both her Indian ancestry and the accomplishments of her pioneer father. The article with a few corrections in brackets follows:

AUNTIE EFFLER DIES IN CLATSOP

Warrenton, Ore. July 24--Mrs. Charlotte Effler, one of the few remaining members of the Clatsop Indian Tribe, died at her home at Columbia Beach Tuesday afternoon, July 23.

Auntie Effler, as she was known to all in Clatsop Plains, was the granddaughter of Chief Coboway, her mother being Princess Ce-li-ast or Helen. Her father was Solomon H. Smith, doctor of the Indians, and a member of Captain Wyeth's party. Charlotte was born in 1846, the youngest of four [seven] children. She attended the first school in the Clatsop Plains settlement, taught by a missionary, Miss Ketchem, and held in the pioneer church. In 1864 she married S. G. Engles [Ingalls]. Four children were born to this union, Mark, Sylvester, Celestia, and Harold. Nine years later, she secured a divorce and in 1874 married C. R. Dodge. Two boys were born to them, James and Alpheus.

She divorced Dodge in 1882 [1879] and in 1884 [1880] married Henry Brallier. He died in 1887 [1915], leaving two sons, Charles and Fred. The widow married George Effler [Oeffler] in 1889 [1899]. They built a house close to the present Camp Clatsop station, where they have since resided.

Up until a year or so ago, Mrs. Effler retained a keen memory and told many interesting stories of the pioneer days. She remembered well the two survivors of the American ship *Peacock*, wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia in 1854. The Indians wanted to kill the men, but Princess Ce-li-ast, one of the high rulers of the tribe after the death of Chief Coboway, would not consent to this, and the men were permitted to live in the vicinity until some time later when they went overland to more settled regions.

The Effler house is filled with relics of the early days which the aged woman treasured. Among these are clam baskets, an old clam spade, a muzzle loading gun called a "girdy perchy," powder horns and a long, twisted stick of hickory and poison oak, the medicine stick or "Tomanmous," used by the medicine men to ward off spirits that sent sickness among the Indians.

The article above fails to mention that Charlotte also divorced her third husband, Henry Brallier in 1892. This

was some years after the date of his death reported in the article above. Also, to correct another error, she was



Courtesy of the Oregon State Library

Charlotte Smith and her brother, Silas B. Smith, children of Solomon H. Smith and Celiast (Helen), about 1870.

one of seven children born to Solomon H. Smith and Celiast. The children were Josephine, born February 10, 1835, who married Captain Frederick Ketchum on February 19, 1850. Lavina was born May 17, 1837 and died in 1851. Silas B. was born September 22, 1839 and died in August 22, 1902. He had been sent back to his father's home in New Hampshire and educated there, returning a few years later to practice law in Astoria. Agnes was born December 27, 1842 and married William S. Greenwood. Charlotte was born October 20, 1846 and died on July 23, 1929. Alpheus Dexter was born

October 20, 1848 and died of typhus in November 1849. Henry was born September 10, 1851 and died in 1864. A few descendants of these families remain in the Lower Columbia area today.

Charlotte was, therefore, married four times and divorced three. A look at the divorce records indicates that she sought these divorces because she was treated harshly by the men she married, both because she was a woman and because she was half-Indian. David Peterson, who helped to organize the Clatsop County Historical Society's collection in the 1980s, wrote a paper as an entry for the 1992 Louis Pelzer Memorial titled, "Celiast Smith: Pioneer Woman, Indian Woman," while he was in the Department of History at the University of Oregon. In this paper he pointed out that at the death of Celiast, only the highest praise was given to this woman. "Though a full-blooded Indian, Celiast had attained the status of pioneer woman long before the 1959 pageant." She was remembered in this pageant for "her many favors to the white community. . . . Even before her death in 1891, Celiast had somehow switched sides, had escaped the status of degraded or pitied savage to win a respected place in the pantheon of Oregon settlers." But, Celiast had to work hard to earn the respect of her white neighbors.

Peterson continued: "Celiast's daughters also faced difficulties in a racist society. Charlotte, who sought and won three divorces, led a particularly trying life. In 1871 she charged that her first husband, farmer Sylvester Ingalls, had committed adultery and neglected to provide her with food, clothing, or fire wood. . . . And [did] all such mean tricks that a man should not be guilty of to his wife.' Three years later, in 1874, she married Charles R. Dodge, a blacksmith. In a

divorce suit filed in 1879, she testified that Dodge began cursing and threatening to leave her only two weeks after their marriage and that he later abused her physically. Then, in 1880, Charlotte wed Henry Brallier in a marriage that lasted until late 1892. In her third and final divorce suit, she accused him of cruelty over the past two years, including injuring her with his fists and a shovel. Given the frontier legacy of violence toward Indians, the abuse Charlotte suffered was probably related to her race as well as her gender."

"Like her mother, Charlotte was not a passive wife. Three times she extricated herself from marriages she described as highly abusive. Nor did she apparently tarry for long once men's violence escalated. Her son testified that when his step-father tore her dress 'mother said she was not going [to] live with him,' and that the two had been apart ever since. . . . Nor was she content simply to get out of the marriages. Judges ordered all three of her ex-husbands to pay her court costs, by no means a standard procedure in successful divorce suits, and they awarded her with custody of her children."

Charlotte Smith's success in winning these lawsuits, however, may have been due to having a wealthy and powerful father and a brother who was a well-respected lawyer. Peterson contrasts the case of Charlotte Smith with that of Jessie Bill, a half-Indian woman who was named as the third party in Charlotte's first divorce case. Though Sylvester Ingalls was accused of assaulting Jessie, no action was ever taken on her behalf. ♦

Mom, Eathel Abbey Moore

by Charles Norman Moore

*From a speech delivered to a meeting of the
Clatsop County Historical Society on November 5, 1992.*

Eathel Abbey was born April 15, 1889, one-half mile north of a little town in northern Iowa, called Richmond. She received excellent schooling because after completing the eighth grade and some special instruction in teaching, she began to teach. This was common practice in the midwest at that time. Everyone wasn't capable of teaching, but when a young person, usually female, was found with the ability to teach, he or she was encouraged to do so. Also, teaching wasn't considered to be a very lucrative profession, if it was even a profession. I'm not sure that many people consider that it is now. Mainly, Mom taught because she loved to teach and loved children.

My mother didn't teach long at this time, but did later just before and after she was married. She, like many other active and alert young women, had the wanderlust. A saying supposedly coined by Horace Greely, "Young man go west," didn't just mean young men but young ladies as well. Actually the phrase was originated by an Indiana newspaperman, John Soule. It later became a by-word after Greeley popularized it.

Mom started traveling by train, of course, and was in Oregon in 1906, the year of the great San Francisco earthquake and fire. The earthquake or its first tremors began at 5:13 a.m. on

April 18, 1906. The aftershocks and conflagration destroyed the whole city or the largest part of it. Mom had



Photos courtesy of Charles Moore

*Eathel Abbey Moore about 1915
when she would have been 27
years old.*

bought her train ticket back to Iowa so she could go through San Francisco but was advised not to go when she stopped in Sacramento. With her love of adventure and excitement, I'm surprised she didn't go anyway. She had a "nose for news" even at that time and simply "ate up" anything historical. She loved people as well as history and became

very comfortable with both. Her working experiences were varied as each gave her the opportunity to gain knowledge of many situations. She worked on a small newspaper, doing menial tasks, mainly so she could eat, and possibly earn enough so she could do more traveling. Mom and her two sisters were associated with the news for quite a number of years. Her youngest sister ran a small newspaper in Yacolt, Washington and later became head linotype operator on the *Los Angeles Evening Express*. Her older sister became a proofreader and copyholder on the *Oregonian*. Mom, starting in 1927, wrote for the *Astorian Budget*, *Oregonian*, *Oregon Journal* and the *Columbia Beacon* through the years. I think she enjoyed writing for the *Beacon* the most because she was able to work more closely with people.

Mom loved the out-of-doors and was a pioneer in the truest sense of the word. She particularly loved camping and this was done with the crudest equipment or whatever was available. As you know, it would be many years before camping, as we know it today, would become as diversified as it is with all the expensive equipment.

All the experiences Mom had would stand her in good stead for her future writings. Mom had always been a voracious reader of good books, magazines, and certainly newspapers. Later on in her life, when going was really rough, and it was hard to make ends meet, she had to have reading material. At one time in Warrenton, she was taking as many as 27 magazines a month and read them cover to cover. Dad wasn't too happy about this because buying this many magazines was quite an expense. Dad did love cars and bought a new one every two years. Mom spent much time in libraries, reading and researching articles and subjects. She frequented book stores,

especially those which had old books, being less expensive. The Goodwill was an important source for her. Most of her books were historical and authentic. She did enjoy good fiction, but tried to stay with the historical view. I suppose this is where I learned to love anything associated with history.

After Mom and Dad were married Sept. 3, 1914, her life was taken up with regular homemaker and motherhood duties. In five years she gave birth to four children, two of which died at birth. Even though her health wasn't good, Mom taught in a little country school north and west of Goldendale, Washington. This was the school year of 1919-20. Her school was several miles away so she rode horseback each day to school and back. Most of the time she had to do her own janitorial work. At the age of five, I remember riding behind her to school on the horse.

Mom had taught in Troutlake, Washington in 1913. One of her third grade students was Inez Robinson. Later Inez, who became a teacher, taught in Warrenton. Her married name was Sanford.

We moved to Klickitat, Washington in 1920 in a 1917 Chevrolet touring car, with wooden spoked wheels, and side curtains with isinglass instead of glass. My dad worked in the mill and Mom kept house. She had plenty of time for reading as the town was isolated without much to do. No radio, and of course, no T.V. Mom worried all the time that my sister and I would get bitten by a rattlesnake. Actually we didn't even see any. My dad did kill one in the neighbor's wood shed. Mom gained life-long friendships here as she did every place we lived.

In the summer of 1922, we left Klickitat with the old 1917 Chevy "loaded to the gills" with all our worldly possessions. We headed west down the

Columbia, at times at the breakneck speed of twenty miles per hour. We stopped in Wauna three weeks where my Dad worked in the mill. We lived in a tent on swampy land where Mom, my sister and I fought the mosquitoes through the day and slept under mosquito netting at night.

The folks weren't able to find a house in Wauna so we moved on down the river to our final destination, Warrenton. We arrived in Warrenton in August 1922. The folks pitched our tent at the end of a plank road in the east part of town. They brought a lot from a man by the name of Wiggins for \$200 which was a very steep price for a swampy 50 x 100 foot lot covered by bunch grass. Also there were \$29 of back taxes on the place. (We later bought a house and lot in Hammond for \$230.) Our tent blew down in a rain storm and Nell Kindred offered us a dry place to stay, but Mom, who was very independent, said, "No." She finally gave in and we stayed with the Kindreds until Dad built the shack. "The Shack," as we called it, was 8 by 16 feet with a lean-to on the back 7 by 8 feet. The former was the bedroom and living room, the latter being the kitchen. We had a large cook stove which took up most of the kitchen. Mom papered the inside with newspapers even though she had said she would never do it. Later Elise Bosshart gave Mom some old wallpaper which she turned inside out and pasted on the wall. Another room was added which became our living room. Mom always had a knack of making everything comfortable. Lyn Campbell, principal of the high school, came to see us at times because our place was so homey. Also, he enjoyed talking to Mom because of her ready wit and her intelligent, stimulating conversation.

Mom walked into Warrenton almost every day, rain or shine. She met many interesting people, one of whom was Mrs. Juhrs. Mrs. Juhrs was the daughter of Chief Tostum of the Clatsops. Tostum took over as chief at the death of Chief Coboway. Mrs. Juhrs had her head flattened as a baby which



The Moore family home about 1940, located on 5th Avenue in Hammond.

was a sign of aristocracy. She died in 1926. A grandson, Donald Falconer, now lives in Astoria. More information concerning the chiefs can be obtained from the book, *Clatsop County, Oregon*, by Emma Gene Miller. Mrs. Miller quoted my mother many times in her book, and gave her credit for large amounts of information she used in her book.

Many other people in Clatsop County became close acquaintances and friends of my mother. They included: Fred Andrus, Editor of the *Astorian Budget*, David and Pearl Smith, Doc and Runa Wilson, G. Clifford Barlow, Clara (Callie) Munson, Agnes Day, Edgar Deane, Nell Kindred, Olney and Marge Hawkins, Ed and Doris Hackura, Werner and Lena Storm, Charlie and Ella Doney, Albin Norblad, Bob Holmes and his wife, Henry and Alt Irvin, Vic and Ruth Paschild, Rusk and Fern Nedry, Millie and Elise Bosshart,

Lyn Campbell and his wife, B.C. and Ellen Anderson, Lawrence and Gladys Rogers, Ed and Dorothy Byrd, Lars and Mrs. Bjelland, and many others too numerous to mention.

Her continuing love of history and "nose for news," led Mom to have Dad drive her to Astoria, as far as they could go by car, and then she walked the rest of the way. The purpose of this trip was to view the blazing downtown of Astoria the first day of the disastrous fire, Dec. 8, 1922. The story of this fire can be found in the Spring issue, 1986, of the *Cumtux*, "A Night to Remember," by Evelyn Leahy Hankel.

Mom was always interested in the schools, libraries and museums, and wanted them to be the best to serve the young people and others of the county. In her column "Singing Sands of Clatsop County," printed in the *Columbia Beacon*, she urged people to vote for these very important institutions. Then she wanted them to put their money where their vote was, and support them.

My mother loved photography and took numerous photos of many things, places, and people. We used to watch her develop her own prints by kerosene lamp light. We marveled at her ability to do this. She didn't let the expense stand in the way of getting pictures. We are certainly happy now that she did. Her love of photography rubbed off on me because I have taken thousands of slides and pictures through the years. I'm thankful that I didn't have to develop my pictures as she did.

After we moved to Hammond in 1925, Mom continued her interest in history. Before and during the Sesquicentennial celebration of 1955 she wrote urging everyone to clean up and paint their places and to work hard to make the Sesquicentennial a success. She wrote articles for the *Oregon Journal*, *Oregonian*, *Astorian Budget*

and *Columbia Beacon*. Her articles were about the early pioneers of this area: Solomon and Celiast Smith, the first school teachers in Oregon; Celiast, or Helen as she was called by the whites, was a daughter of Chief Cobaway. She also wrote about Chief Comcomly and some of his descendants: Agnes Rubens, Carolyn Peterson, and Carol Shepherd. Also about Clara (Callie) Munson, Warrenton's mayor in 1912, and the first woman mayor in Oregon. She wrote about D.K. Warren, the founder of Warrenton, and his family. In Hammond she wrote about Werner and Lena Storm and their family, plus many others.

She gave talks on numerous topics, having done much research on each. She had a remarkable memory, being able to be reading and researching six books at a time, and knowing where she was reading in each one. I have a hard time remembering where I'm reading in one book after I've put it down.

Mom had many activities besides her reading and writing. She felt that every little girl should have a doll quilt as she played with her dolls. She made many of them and gave them away at Christmas and on birthdays. Every year, before the holidays, she made dozens of Christmas corsages and gave them to all of her friends. She did this even though her hands and fingers were swollen and extremely painful with arthritis.

When the Japanese submarine I 25 shelled Fort Stevens, June 21, 1942, Mom called the *Oregon Journal* to break the story. She did this even while the shelling was in progress. This again proved that she was a true news reporter, and right on the story even when others were probably running for cover.

As far as I know, Mom had no enemies, but had myriads of friends, and even today people remember her

columns and articles.

My mother was always interested in politics and urged people to get out and vote, whenever there was an election of any kind. She voted her convictions even though she was a staunch Democrat. She voted for Wayne Morse twice when he was a Republican, and predicted that he would be president in 1964. We know that he was beaten by Bob Packwood for the Senate that year. She also voted for Hoover and Coolidge even though they were Republicans. My dad, a Republican, felt she should vote for them. Mom decided to stick up for her rights and voted for F.D.R. in 1932. After one term of F.D.R., Dad became a Democrat and voted that way the rest of his life.

Mom kept a happy nature and a healthy, positive outlook on life. I remember her in the earlier years singing at her work, even though in great pain at times. As she grew older, arthritis, frequent bouts with the flu, and a heart enlarged three times normal size took her strength, but never her courage and love of life. When she would be with a group of people who just sat and waited for something to happen, she would be able to get them singing in a community sing of some of the old favorites. That sweet voice, though, was stilled in the early morning hours of January 23, 1960, when she was propped up in bed surrounded by her precious books. This was just a year to the day after my wife's mother's passing.

I'd like to conclude with one of Mom's favorite poems, "Crossing the Bar," by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the

bar,

When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of
farewell,

When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of time
and place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar.



Eathel Abbey Moore about 1936.

Mr. Moore, writer of the above article, is a native of Iowa, a World War II veteran, and a retired teacher. His wife is Melva Flora Moore, a native of Virginia. He is an avid fisherman, photographer, gardener, and collector. In his large library is a collection of around 150 histories. History has always been his favorite subject, as was his mother's. His admonition to all, "Read a good book." ♦

Photo Gallery



TOP PHOTO: CCHS #5959-000

The Junior Choir in the parsonage of Grace Episcopal Church about 1954.

Front Row (*L to R*) Second from left: Zovanna Palmrose, others unknown. Middle Row (*L to R*) Patty Warner, Leslie Jollie, unknown, Susan Harvey, Diantha Palmrose and unknown.

Back Row (*L to R*) Liisa Mellin (*Cumtux* Editor), Judy Eward, Karen Mellin and Annette Oltmans.

BOTTOM PHOTO: CCHS #8006-732

Astoria Girl's Hose Team (1913)

Photo Gallery



TOP PHOTO: CCHS #1522-503
Astoria High School Team (June 1909)

BOTTOM PHOTO: CCHS #1990-503
Astoria High School Girls Gym Class.
Esther Jensen, teacher at left rear about 1950.



Courtesy of Sylvia Niemela Mattson

SONGS ON THE WAVES

"Lauluja Laineilla," or in English, "Songs on the Waves," was the title of this one-act musical comedy, an original production of the Rytmi Seura, a club affiliated with the Finnish Brotherhood. It was performed on May 11, 1940 before a full house on the Suomi Hall stage. The club organized in 1938 and disbanded when the Second World War directed their efforts elsewhere

From left to right, standing: Bertha Soderman, Helen Kokko, Aune Kauppi, Elna Ollila, Barbara Luoma (in white blouse), Irma Kontas, Helen Hendrickson, Maila Syrjaniemi, Helen Ranta, Shirley Luoma, Jeanne Urell.

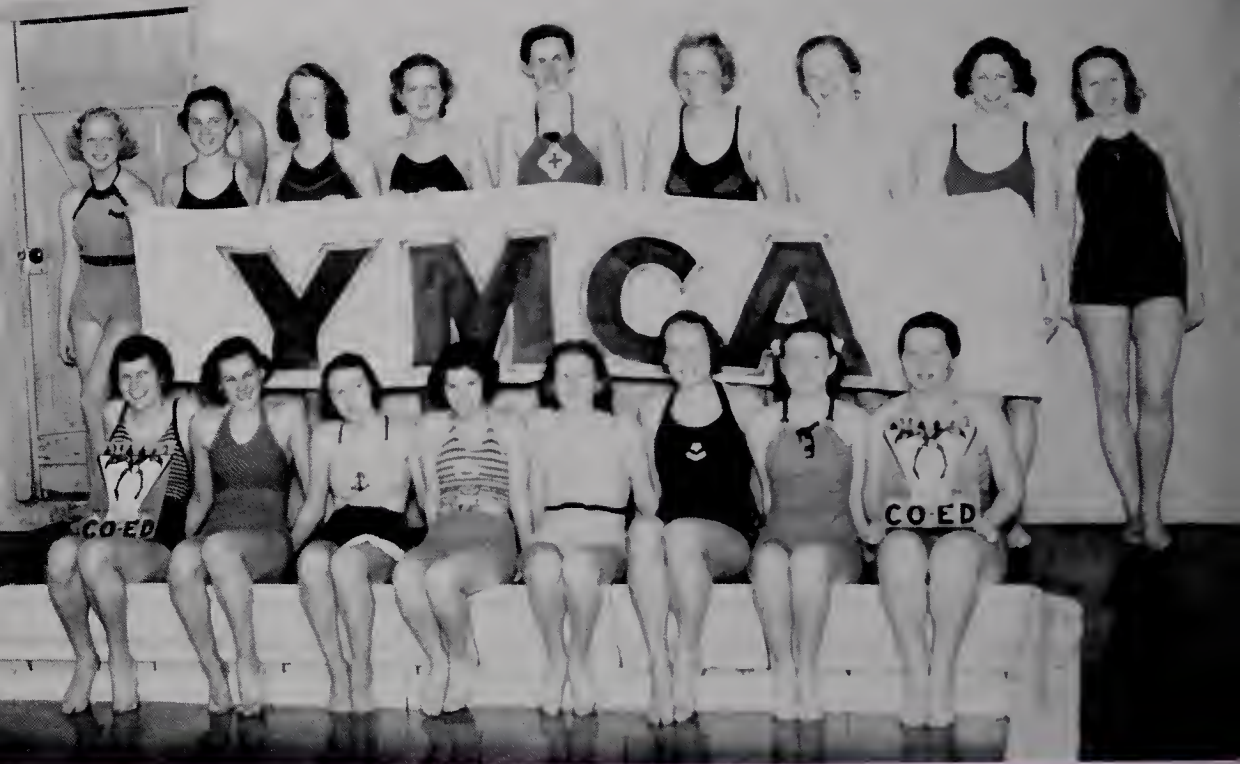
From left to right, seated: Sylvia Niemela; Inez Saxberg; Frances Korpi seated behind Irene Willimas and Ruth Lammi; Ella Suominen (on one knee). Photo by Ralph Kaarle.

ELVIS STAMP

When Helen Angberg, who had been separated from her sister for over seventy years, wrote to her sister's family in Russia, she wanted to make the letter extra-special, so she asked at the Post Office for an Elvis stamp which she put on the envelope. --We hope to report on Sylvia Elomaa's life in Russia in a future issue of Cumtux.

DAVID PETERSON

Some three thousand divorce cases in Oregon were studied by David Peterson for his dissertation on a history of violence against wives in Oregon. He was chosen to receive a grant from the Woodrow Wilson Foundation to help in this work. A piece of his dissertation recently appeared in the *Journal of Interdisciplinary History*. Another article he wrote titled, "The Quiet Pacifists: Oregon's Old Mennonites, 1914-1945," was published in the Summer 1992 issue of the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*. Many will remember Dave who worked for CCHS in the mid-1980's preparing new exhibits and organizing the collection. They will be pleased to know that a July wedding to Wendy Leigh Smith is in his plans. He expects to remain in the Portland area where he will work on a book and perhaps, teach.



CCHS #3758-540

Astoria High School Swimming Class

January 1, 1937

Instructor Miss LaBarre in center of back row.

Clatsop County Historical Society

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